

*creation*

"it is a pilgrimage",  
"of souls",  
says the jailer

"i am the jailer",  
says a rotten smile

legion of teeth are sucking  
the motherhood of the planet.  
"be good to your Mother", is  
written on the tongue of the Father,  
carrying his boredom  
with fake dignity

new generations are born  
in the midst of the smell of the dead